WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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One for the Book

S'MATTER POP— There's No Stumping Benny Curlylocks

By C. M. PAYNE

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MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

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Either Way You're Wrong

FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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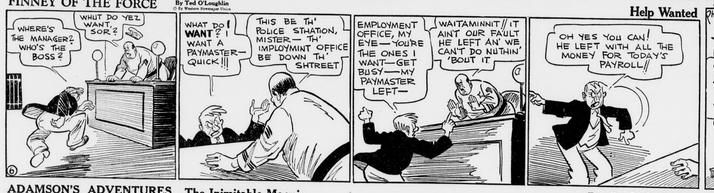

ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES The Inimitable Magpie

By O. JACOBSSON

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TALK ABOUT FLAVOR! TRY WRIGLEY'S

PERHAPS RETIRED

"I'd like to see that office boy of ours thirty years from now."

"Why so?"

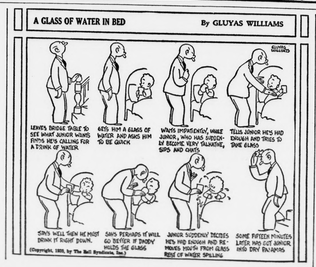
"He ought to make a wonder as a tired business man."

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

STEADIES THE NERVES

A GLASS OF WATER IN BED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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Business Upturn

Each week a small red-headed lad delivers a magazine to office workers in various downtown buildings.

Recently, the boy appeared, but without his magazine. The man reached in his pocket for his money, and then, noting the absence of the magazines, asked where they were.

The boy turned and called to a lad even smaller than "Red-Head."

"My brother," Red-Head said. "He's helping me today. Business is so good that I need a helper; you know, somone one to carry the magazines and watch the money."

The Motorist's Daughter

A little girl was crossing the Atlantic with her mother. It was her first ocean trip. The sea was as smooth as the proverbial millpond for the first three days, then the ship began rolling and pitching heavily.

The child could not understand what had happened, "Mamma," she cried, "What's the matter? Are we on a detour?"

TALES

Told to
HAGAN *and*
OTT WATSON

HOW TO TAME A LION TAMER

"Marry Him!" Says Mrs. Clyde Beatty, Whose Hubby Is Terror of Jungle Cats, but Kitten Around House.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

GIRLS, what would you do if you woke up one of these spring mornings and discovered that you were in love with a lion tamer? With a guy who stares the King of Beasts right in the eye and makes him sit sulking in a corner like a disciplined schoolboy? Who wrestles hand-to-hand with a man-eating tiger and wins the decision? Who walks into a cage with thirty or forty assorted jungle cats of both varieties twice a day and makes them do his bidding? Who even keeps a lion around the house to take care of the scraps from the dining table?

Don't laugh. It might happen to YOU. This is spring. Spring is the open season for romance. And spring is the season for the opening of the circus.

It happened to a little Russian-American girl just about three years ago. SHE fell in love with a lion tamer, a lion tamer who does all those unbelievable things we were just talking about. And what did she do? She married him.

Follows Hubby's Footsteps.

She married Clyde Beatty, the little, curly-headed fellow who is generally considered the greatest animal trainer of all time.

For a couple of years she peeled potatoes in their home at Rochester, Ind., where the circus spends the winter, while Clyde's lion-around-the-house sat at her feet and roared for more table scraps. But like all good wives, Harriet knew that she must keep herself interested in the things that appealed to her husband. And she did—with a vengeance. She became a lion tamer herself and now appears every day in the same circus with her husband. She is today the only trainer in the world who "works" a lion, a tiger and an elephant in the same cage at the same time.

The story of this remarkable pair is one of those romantic dramas under the big top that endow the circus with much of the glamor it still holds for millions, young and old, even in this fast-moving age.

The story really begins about sixteen years ago in Chillicothe, Ohio. There was a circus playing in Chillicothe, and its fanfare drew the attention of a stripling youth of fifteen in the town of Bainbridge, a few miles away. It was a big day for the boy. It was also a big day for the circus, although that was not proven for quite a few years.

Clyde Beatty never went back to Bainbridge. He got a job as a cage-boy for the polar bear act. He was pretty small, but there was something in his eyo, and they took him.

Tames Dame Fortune.

Two years later Clyde was working his own act—not with polar bears, but with the great cats who would lill a man with a single bite and do it willingly.

Over the years Clyde and his cats were to reach the heights — heights from which they have not yet descended. In rapid succession came top billing in the Big Show, moving pictures and, finally, ownership interest in one of the major circuses. Clyde is now part owner of the Cole Brothers circus, in which he and Mrs. Beatty perform.

To each up Mrs. Beatty's part of the story now: She was born in Chicago of Russian parents not too many years ago. Her name was something you have to sneeze in Russian but in English it became just plain Harriet Evans. In 1930 the circus was in town and advertised for girls to sell candy. Harriet needed a job, and she joined up with the show. Like Beatty she never left it.

Harriet is a tiny wisp of a thing, with deep-set, serious eyes betrayed by a smile that curls at the corners. Her soft, delicate, blonde beauty charms all who meet her. It was too much for a candy girl. Combined with her natural flair for dancing inherited from Russian ancestors, it got her into the circus ballet.

Harriet Gets Up in World.

From the ballet it wasn't much of a jump—figuratively speaking—to the flying trapeze, and Harriet accomplished it, quaintly enough, with the greatest of ease.

And then she fell. No, not from the trapeze (although she did that, too, once). She fell for the dapper little man who looked the bold, bad lions in the eye and made them wilt.

Mr. Beatty looked the petite aerial artist in the eye—and HE wilted. The little giant whose leer could turn a jungle roar into petulant whimper just rolled over on his back and purred like a kitten. The daredevil with nerves of steel became putty in the hands of a woman—THE woman.

And now, girls, if your best boy friend happens to be a bookkeeper, a farmer, a clerk, a lawyer, a truck driver, a doctor or even a newspaper man, here is your chance to find out what a thrill it is to be wooed by the world's most courageous lion tamer. You have Harriet Beatty's word for it first-hand.

Imagine the Thrills, Girls!

"What," Mrs. Beatty was asked, "is it like to be wooed by a lion tamer?"

"Oo—oo—oo!" She girlishly giggled. "It ees very sweet!"

"How does a fearless, dominating male like Clyde act during a courtship?"

"Oo—oo—oo! He ees very sweet!"

"If all, now that you are married, haven't you found that a lion tamer is something of a terrible tyrant around the house?"

"Oo-oo-oo! He ees VERY meek!"

So now you know.

When Clyde and Harriet were married he insisted that she quit working. She did for a while. She didn't like to be around when Clyde was risking his life with the cats, anyway. She was afraid of them. But she raised a cub, Leo, on a baby's bottle, and that cured her of a great deal of her fear. Leo is a year and a half old now and, according to Harriet, "ees very sweet," but some of the Beattys' house guests don't think so. Leo is an affable sort for a jungle beast, but he is as large as a small draft horse and likes to play. Women folks don't warm up to him very easily.

"He rips their stockings and that annoys them," says Harriet. "And his teeth are getting big now. When he bites you it hurts."

She Knows No Fear.

Leo's teeth are a couple of inches long and about as dull as the business end of an ice pick. But they can't be very terrifying to a little lady who spends a few minutes every afternoon and evening now in a cage with a full-grown lion, an ill-dispositioned tiger and a lumbering pachyderm, all natural enemies.

This is the new act which Harriet devised and, with Clyde's guiding hand to tutor her, works in the circus this year. She makes the great cats leap through hoops of flame to the elephant's back and ride around the ring the best of friends. So adept a trainer is she, she has never yet had a "close call" in the cage.

Such luck has not fallen to the lot of her husband. Clyde works as many as 43 assorted lions and tigers in the same cage at once. He makes them perch upon stools and assume all kinds

Leo, the Beattys' lion cub, is a great pal of "Daffy," a dog in the circus.

of positions and formations. Menelik, a new cat with the act this year, sits on his haunches and waves his paws around in the air like a prize fighter entering the ring. A tiger rolls over and over and then chases his tail at Clyde's command. With such goings-on amid a horde of wild beasts, it is not an infrequent happening for one or two of the cats to rebel.

Clyde's closest shave came in winter quarters when he was rehearsing his act preparatory to opening the 1932 season. Samson, one of the older and larger lions, attacked him and put him in the hospital, hovering between life and death for sixteen weeks. Had not a tiger then attacked the lion and diverted its attention, Clyde must have been a goner.

Lion Kills Cage Boy.

Samson, incidentally, is one beast you would not like to be meeting some night down a dark alley. The writer personally saw him sink his teeth into the shoulder of another trainer, Allen King, one night, and King, too, would be a dead man today if a tiger had not come to his rescue. (It must not be supposed that the tiger in either case was trying to save the trainer's life—he was merely after a nice, juicy bite of lion meat on the hoof). Last winter Sammy succeeded in killing a cage boy who carelessly left the "chute" door open while working.

The two cats have a natural hatred for each other, and when this hatred works up to a certain pitch a fight sometimes results in the cage, with disastrous results. In Muskegon, Michigan, last season a fight almost broke up the show and resulted in the death of a cat or two. Across the state in Bay City the season before a rumpus in the cage caused a pistol in Beatty's holster to discharge, wounding him severely in the leg. He went on with the act, however, and it was not until some time later that the slug was removed by a doctor. He loads his gun with nothing but blanks now.

Clyde Beatty has never seen an African Jungle, but then Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote the whole "Tarzan" series of savage jungle lore and he hasn't seen one either. Clyde buys his cats from zoos and animal dealers. He looks for lions and tigers with spirit, cats who will fight back when he encourages them. That's one of the reasons that his every appearance in the cage is a nearly-mortal ordeal, one that leaves him soping wet with perspiration and with nerves so unstrung that he will talk to no one, even his wife, for 20 minutes after the act.

Prefers Cats to Cameras.

Even so, Clyde says he is more afraid of Hollywood than his cage of cats. He has made three pictures, "The Big Cage," "The Lost Jungle" and "Darkest Africa." The latter is a thriller serial which he completed this winter, and it's Hollywood at its daffiest. It's full of Hat Men, wild hairbreadth escapes, volcanic eruptions and heroic feats.

In making the picture, Clyde was badly bruised by some of the Hat Men, did not succeed in effecting a couple of the hairbreadth escapes, was rather painfully blown up in one of the synthetic volcanoes and had to rest up for a week after performing the final heroic feat.

The last named incident occurred when the director casually asked Clyde if he would mind "rassling" a tiger bare-handed, on the plea that it would be "sure-fire picture stuff." Clyde was finally talked into it, but only on condition that the match take place after the rest of the picture was finished, so there would still be a picture, even if there was not any more Beatty.

The match was long and furious and Clyde got pushed around plenty before winning the deciding fall.

"Pretty good," concededed the director, "pretty good. Now let's try it just once more with a little more of the old pep!"

Clyde's reply has been deleted so that this newspaper can be sent through the United States mails.

Oo—oo—oo! It ees not very sweet!

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New Slit Sleeves and Youthful Bodice Go With This Spectator Sports Frock

Pattern No. 1888-B

Some are chosen and some are not, as you remember. And this is one of the "summer" chosen! A pretty bad pun, but this perfectly stunning spectator sports frock makes up for it. And you can wear it yourself when summer sets in if you'll send for the pattern now.

It is surprisingly easy to make, and with the aid of the step-by-step chart, illustrating the cut and fit of the new slit sleeves and the way to plant and stitch-up the youthful bodice, you will immediately realize how automatically it goes together. The bodice has a lot of blouse to it, even makes you suspect that it's held underneath by an elastic band and the side pleats of the skirt harmonize beautifully with the action pleats in the back blouse.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1888-B is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40 and 42. Corresponding bust measurements 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 (34) requires 4½ yards of 39 inch material. Send fifteen cents for the pattern.

The Barbara Bell Pattern Book featuring spring designs is ready. Send fifteen cents today for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 247 W. Forty-third St., New York, N. Y.

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OF INTEREST TO THE HOUSEWIFE

Grease spots can be removed from washable materials with warm water and soap as in ordinary laundering if care is taken to rub spot thoroughly. Soap containing naphtha or kerosene is efficient.

* * *

To remove soiled places on the children's rompers and play clothes dip garments in water, sprinkle with granulated soap powder, roll up and put to soak in the bottom of tub.

* * *

Soiled white window shades may be successfully painted on one side with a coat of flat white paint and with green paint on the other side.

* * *

When making gravies, allow one and one-half teaspoons of flour to each cup of liquid. Mix flour to a paste with cold water and add to hot liquid.

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Just sprinkle Peterman's Ant Food along window sills, doors, any place where ants come and go. Peterman's fairly them—red ants, black ants, others. Quick. Safe. Guaranteed effective 24 hours a day. Get Peterman's Ant Food now. 25c, 35c and 60c at your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

This story will interest many Men and Women

"Yes, I have come back to where I feel like myself again."

NOT long ago I was like some friends I have...low in spirits...run-down...out of sorts...tired easily and looked terrible. I knew I had no serious organic trouble so I reasoned sensibly...as my experience has since proven... that work, worry, colds and whatnot had just worn me down.

The confidence mother has always had in S.S.S. Tonic...which is still her stand-by when she feels run-down...convinced me I ought to try this Treatment...I started a course...the color began to come back to my skin...I felt better...I no longer tired easily and soon I felt that those red-blood-cells were back to so-called fighting strength...it is great to feel strong again and like my old self. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. TONIC Makes you feel like yourself again

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Tells the Story

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Retail Price . . . 35¢ per Quart